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Level

1

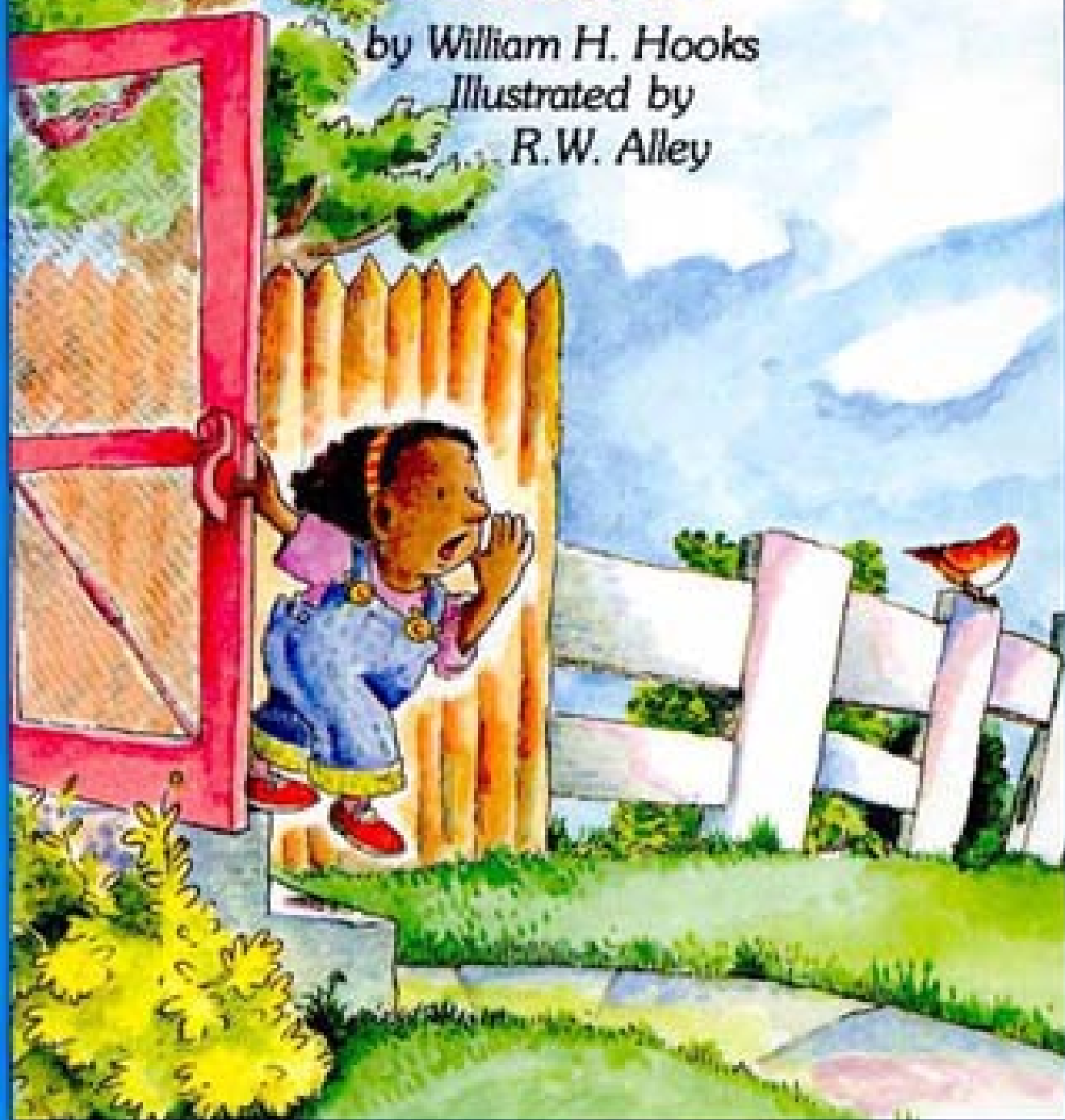
Preschool-
Grade 1

Where's Lulu?

by William H. Hooks

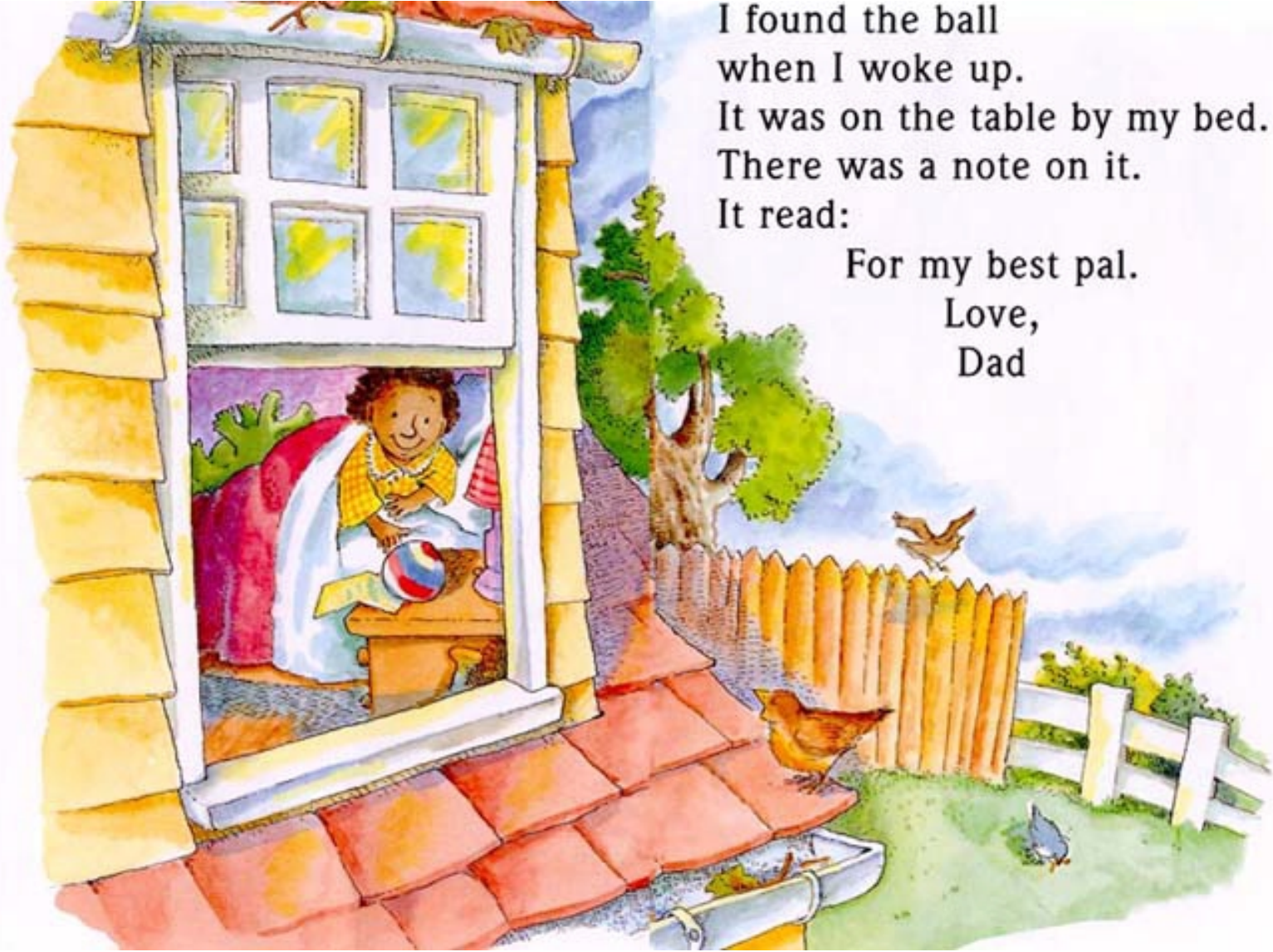
Illustrated by

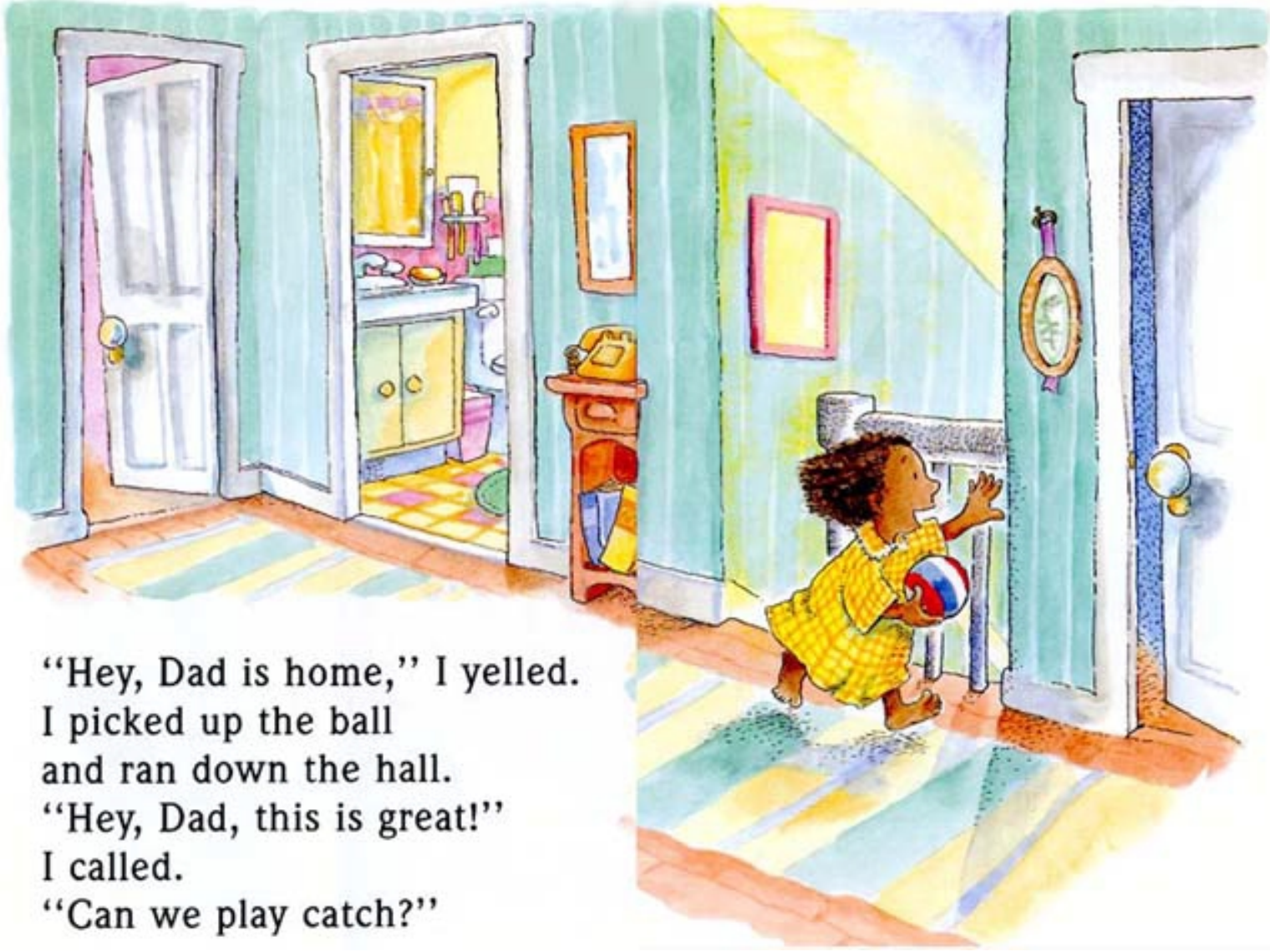
R.W. Alley



I found the ball
when I woke up.
It was on the table by my bed.
There was a note on it.
It read:

For my best pal.
Love,
Dad





“Hey, Dad is home,” I yelled.
I picked up the ball
and ran down the hall.
“Hey, Dad, this is great!”
I called.
“Can we play catch?”

Mom met me in the hall.
“Shhh,” she said.
“Dad is still asleep.
His plane was late.”
“Okay,” I said.
“Then I’ll play with Lulu.”

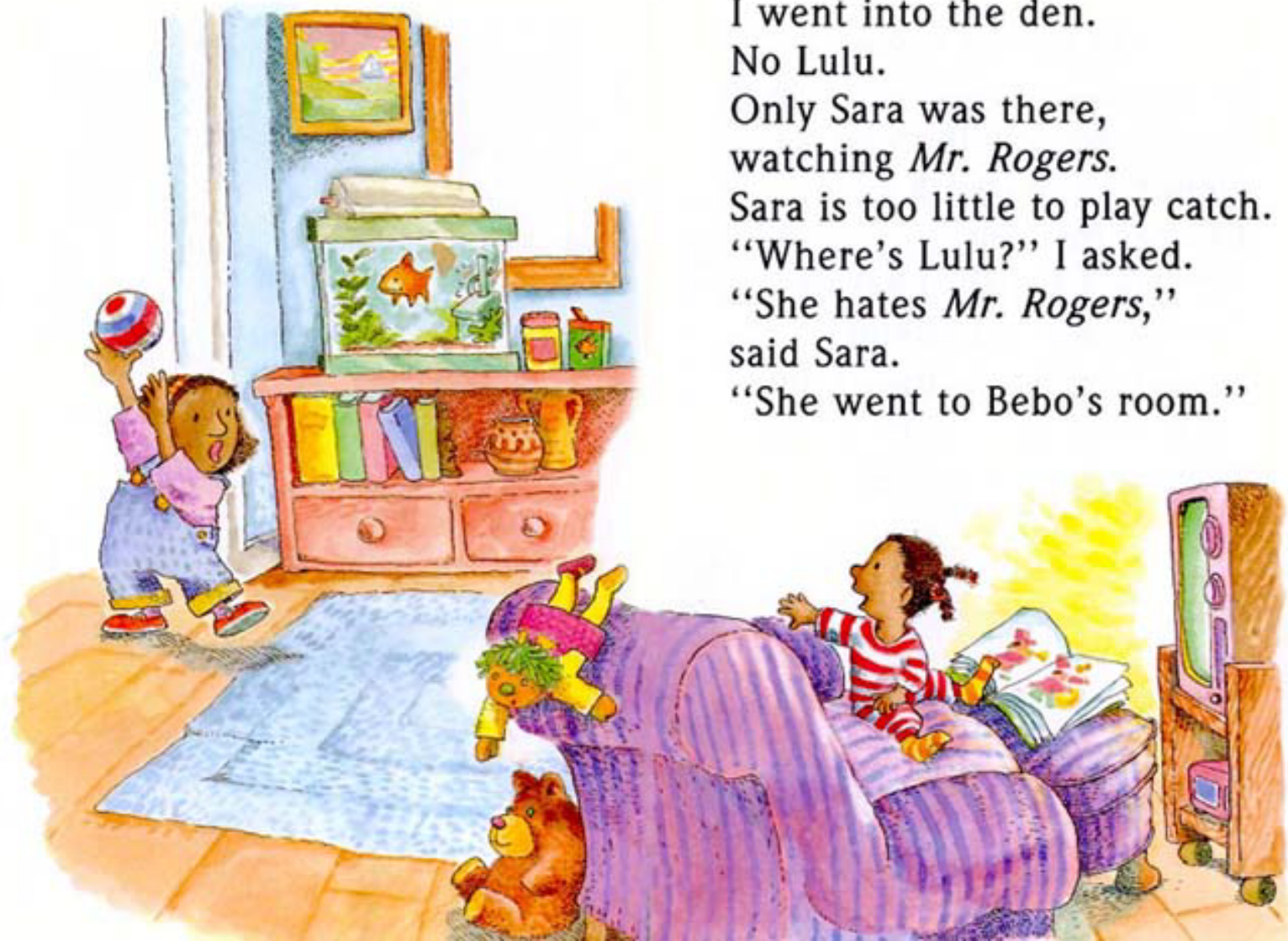


I got dressed
and went downstairs.
“Where’s Lulu?” I asked Mom.
“In the kitchen,” she said.

I went to the kitchen.
No Lulu.
Only Sam was there,
stuffing his face.
Sam is no fun.
He never wants to play
with me.
“Where’s Lulu?” I asked.
“Watching TV,” said Sam.



I went into the den.
No Lulu.
Only Sara was there,
watching *Mr. Rogers*.
Sara is too little to play catch.
“Where’s Lulu?” I asked.
“She hates *Mr. Rogers*,”
said Sara.
“She went to Bebo’s room.”



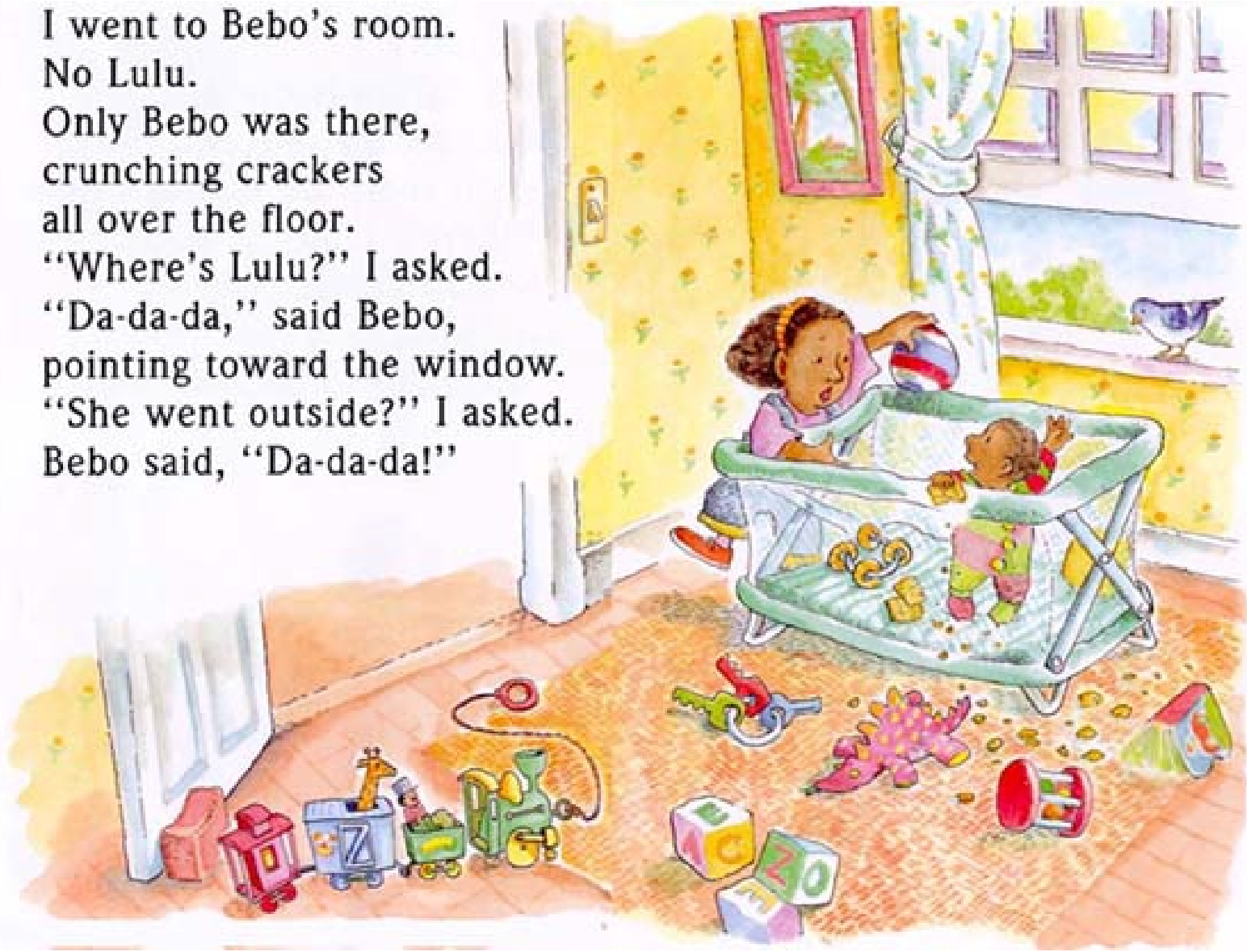
I went to Bebo's room.
No Lulu.

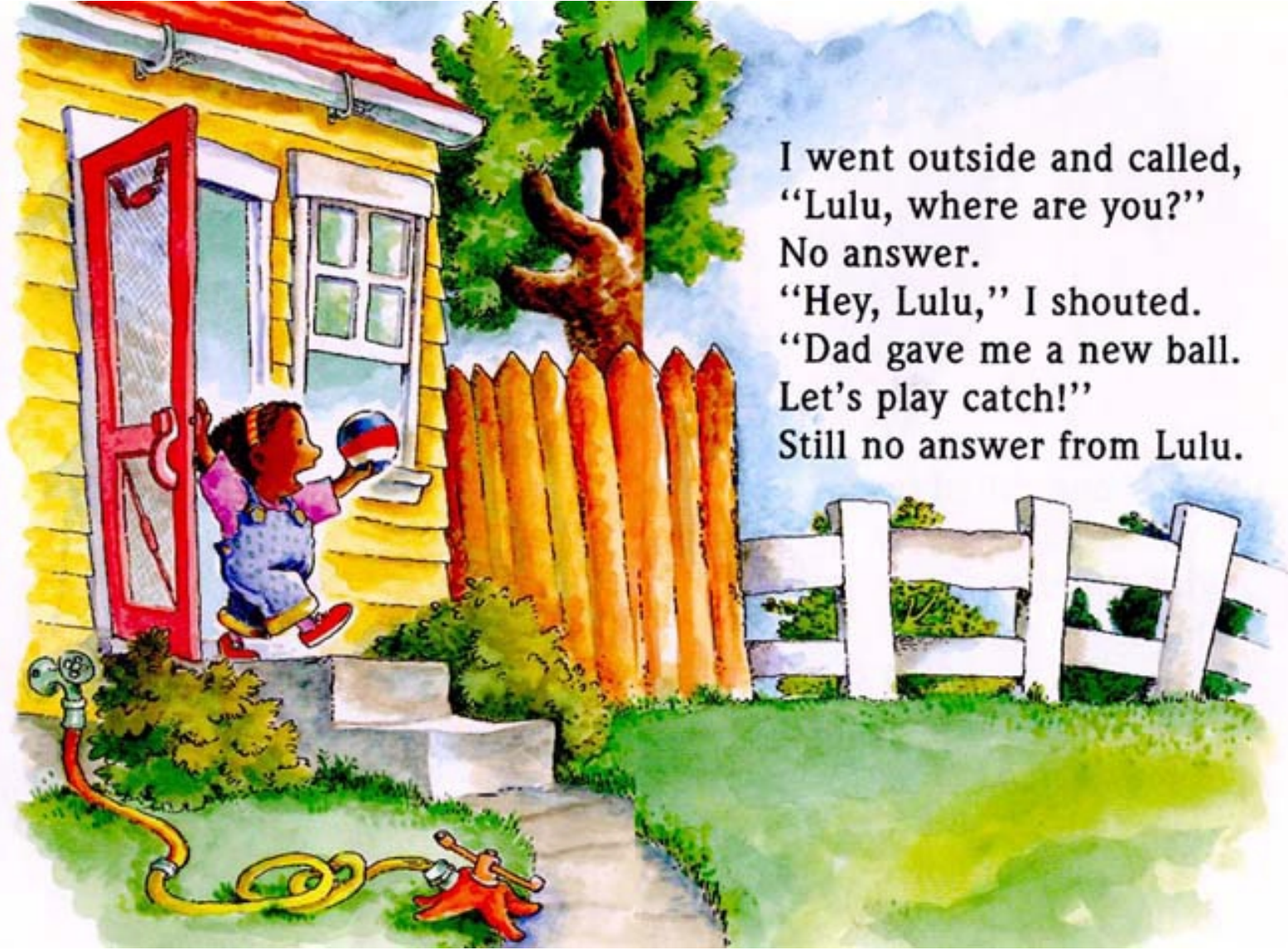
Only Bebo was there,
crunching crackers
all over the floor.

"Where's Lulu?" I asked.

"Da-da-da," said Bebo,
pointing toward the window.

"She went outside?" I asked.
Bebo said, "Da-da-da!"





I went outside and called,
“Lulu, where are you?”

No answer.

“Hey, Lulu,” I shouted.

“Dad gave me a new ball.
Let’s play catch!”

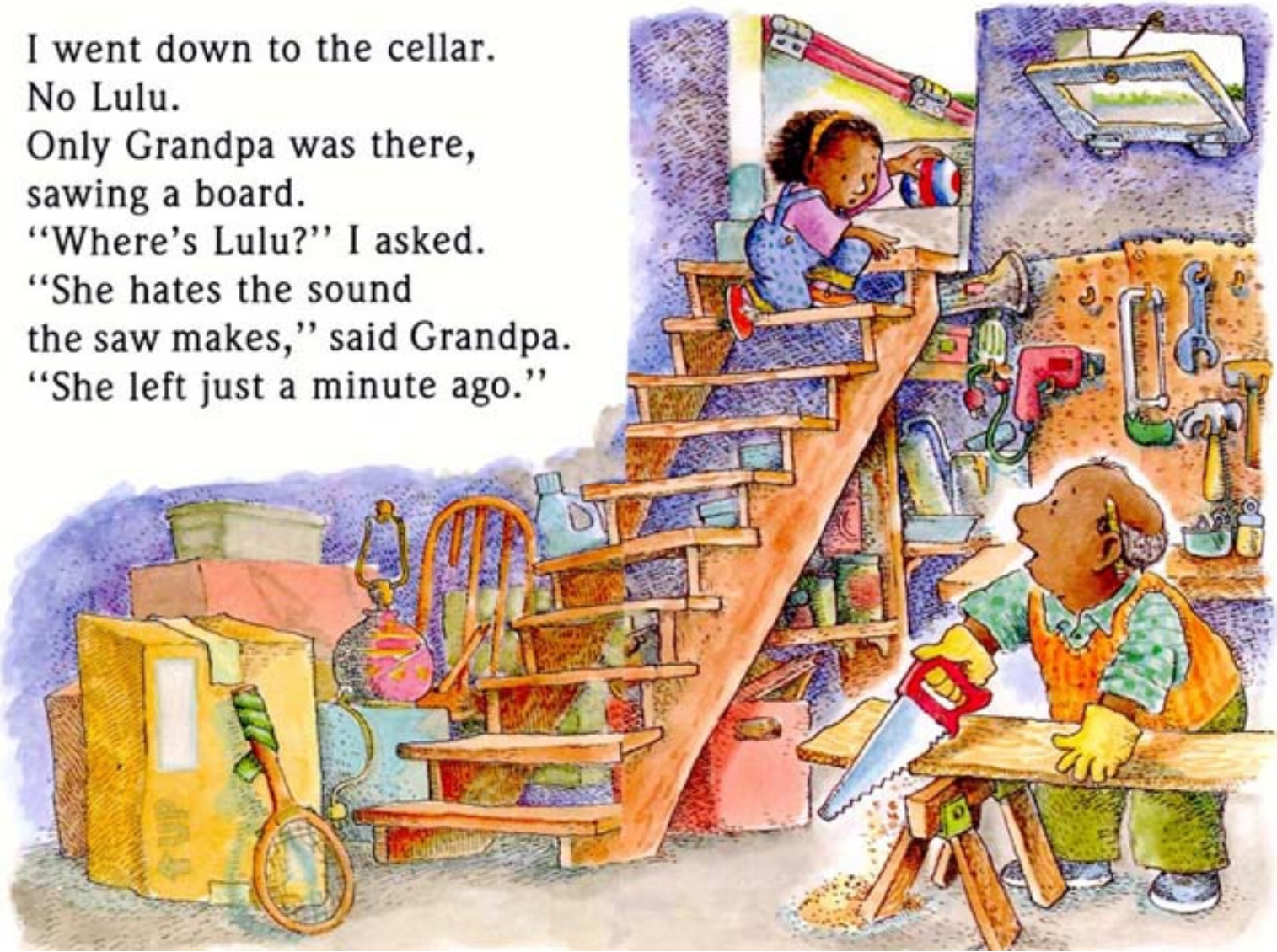
Still no answer from Lulu.



Mrs. Long called to me,
"You shouldn't play
with matches."
She doesn't hear too well.
"No, Mrs. Long," I said.
"I was looking for Lulu
to play *catch*."
"Oh, Lulu," said Mrs. Long.
"I saw her go down
to the cellar."



I went down to the cellar.
No Lulu.
Only Grandpa was there,
sawing a board.
“Where’s Lulu?” I asked.
“She hates the sound
the saw makes,” said Grandpa.
“She left just a minute ago.”





I went outside again.
I stood in the yard and yelled,
“Lulu, where are you?”
Still no Lulu.

So I started bouncing the ball
against the fence.
Thump! Catch!—
Thump! Catch!—



Suddenly, I heard running.
I kept on throwing my ball.
Thump! Catch!
Thump . . .
Catch!



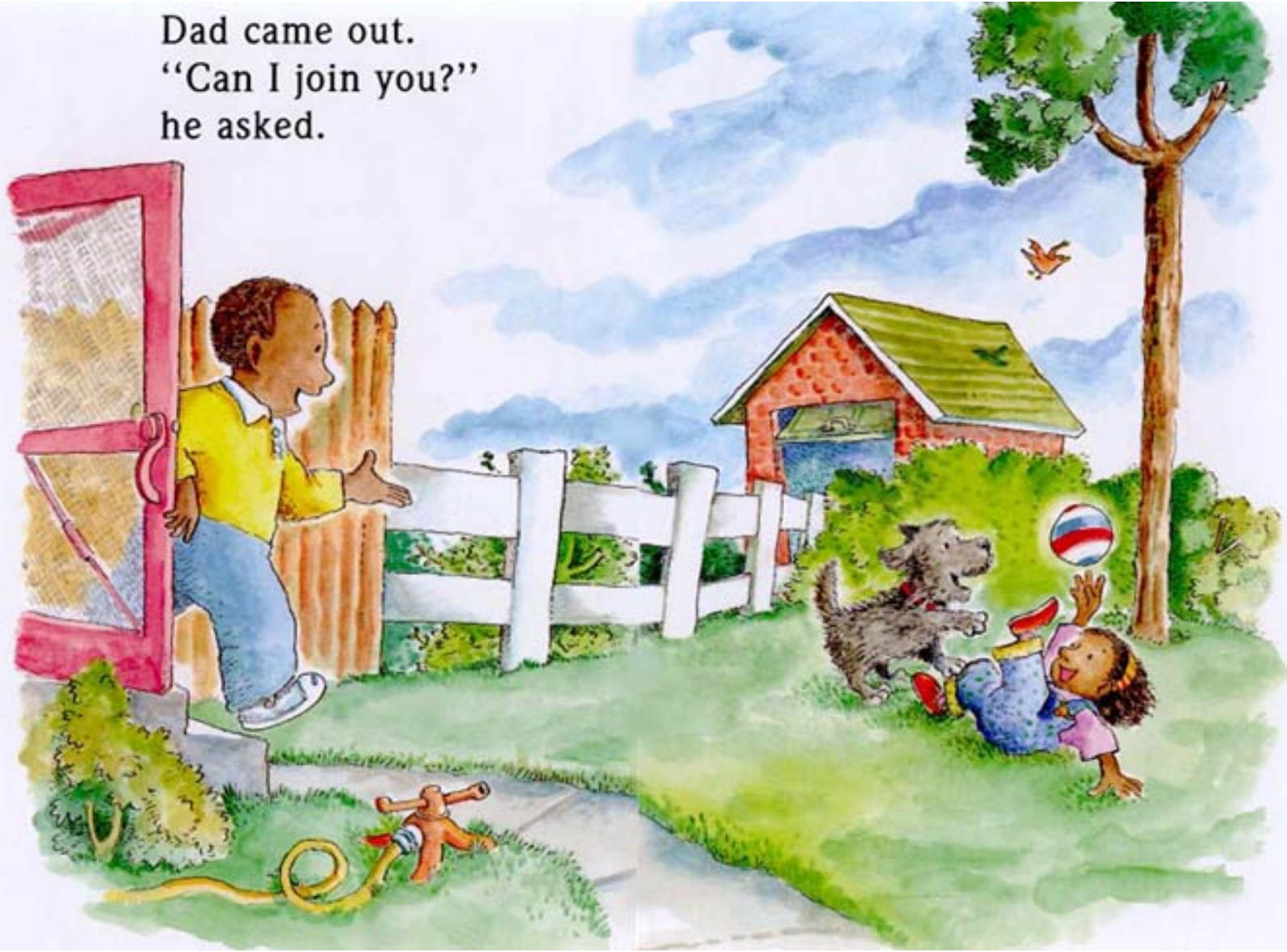
Lulu caught the ball!
Lulu ran around and around
with the ball in her mouth.

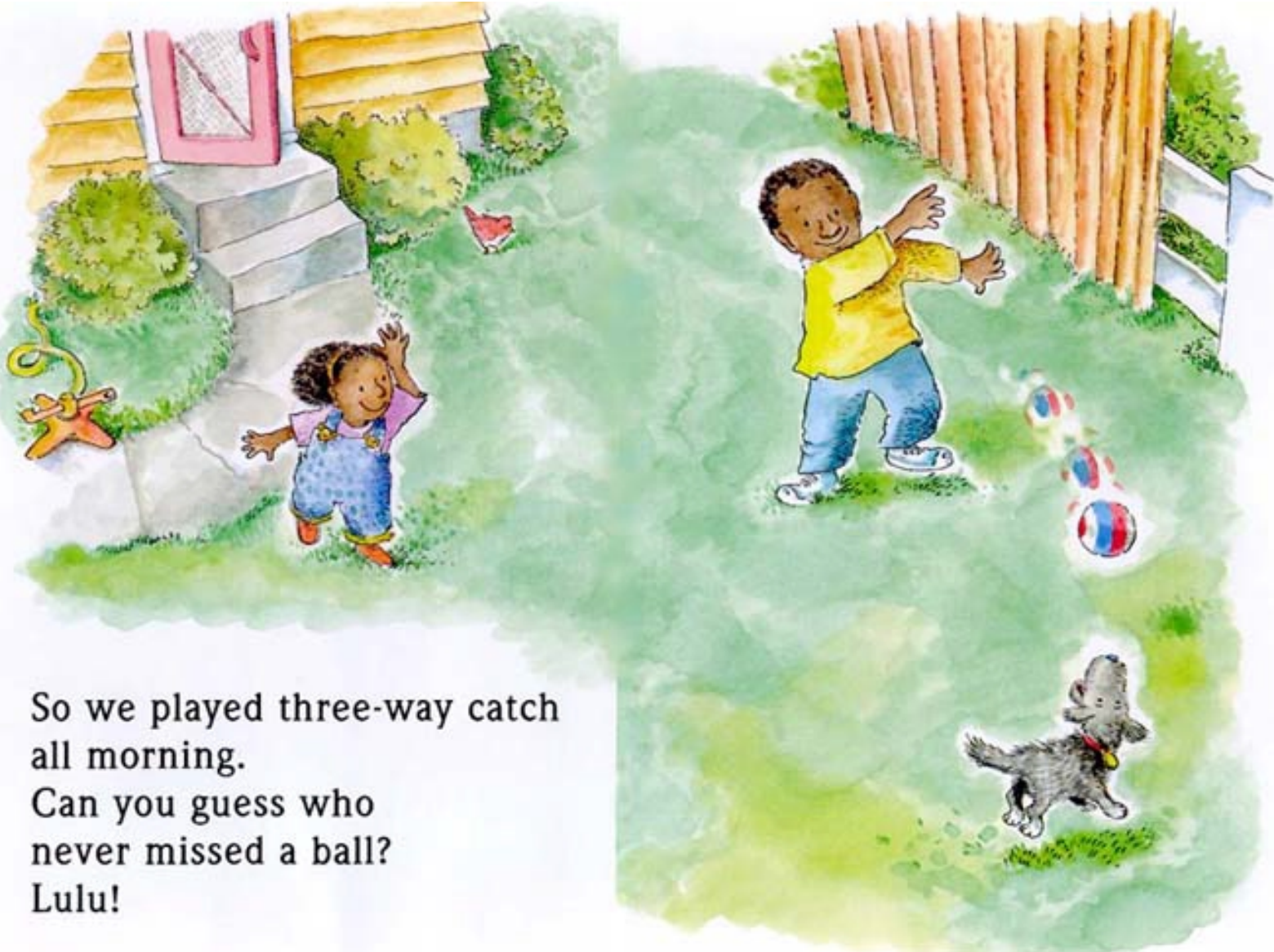


I ran after her.
We both got dizzy
and fell on the grass.



Dad came out.
"Can I join you?"
he asked.





So we played three-way catch
all morning.
Can you guess who
never missed a ball?
Lulu!



So all that day and into the night
they munched and crunched apples
till the moon turned bright.
They munched and crunched apples
one by one,
they munched and crunched apples
until there were none.